

VOLUME XXX.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1897.

NUMBER 763.

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AMERICAN'S
SYM.

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a Copy.

SOCIE
TY.

LITERA
TY.

POLI
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STREA
RY.

DR
AM
A.



A SAD LACK.

"ISN'T IT LONELY HERE, WITHOUT ANY MEN!"

·LIFE·



GREATER AFRICA.

Not Losing Time.

"ARE the lawyers making any progress with that will case?"

ONE OF THE HEIRS:

Oh, yes. They've used up about half the money.

CASTLETON: Here comes my tailor, old man.

CLUBBERLY: Shall we walk across the street?

"No. Let's run."

A Look Ahead.

"NEXT case!" cried Beelzebub.

"The next on the calendar, your Majesty," said the Recording Imp, "is a gentleman who has come here from New York. He was the general manager of the Metropolitan Traction Company, and comes to us with the recommendation that he be boiled in vitriol for seven months out of every twelve."

"What's his crime?"

"Same old cable-car business, your Majesty. Crushing people to death, inside and outside; snipping off his patrons' legs; smashing heads at every opportunity; employing thugs to finish the work that the cars leave undone."

"Aha!" cried Beelzebub. "I know him. The vitriol boiling is too mild. Send him back to New York again and doom him to spend the next century crossing and recrossing Broadway at dead-man's curve. Next!"

LIFE learns that "thirty covers were laid" for the recent dinner of Mr. Whitelaw Reid to the Prince of Wales and other highnesses in London. What do persons who speak of covers being laid think they mean by that phrase? There are no covers—at least none to speak of—at dinner parties, so far as LIFE's experience of contemporary habits goes.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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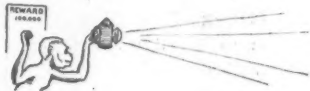
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A LITTLE LESSON FROM ANACREON

I SAT and read Anacreon.
 Moved by the gay, delicious measure,
 I learned that lips were made for love
 And love to lighten toil with pleasure.
 Just then a laughing girl came by
 With something in her look that caught me;
 Forgo ten was the poet's song,
 But not the lesson he had taught me.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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Ortley Club.....	9 50
Mrs. W. W. L.....	1 00
W. H. C.....	9 00
H. B. H.....	100 00
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Through Ladies' Home Journal, viz.: Clara, James, Alfred and Harold Tart.....	1 50
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A Reader.....	1 00
A Friend.....	1 00
King's Daughters, Thomasville, Ga.....	6 00
R. S. P. N. Auley.....	50
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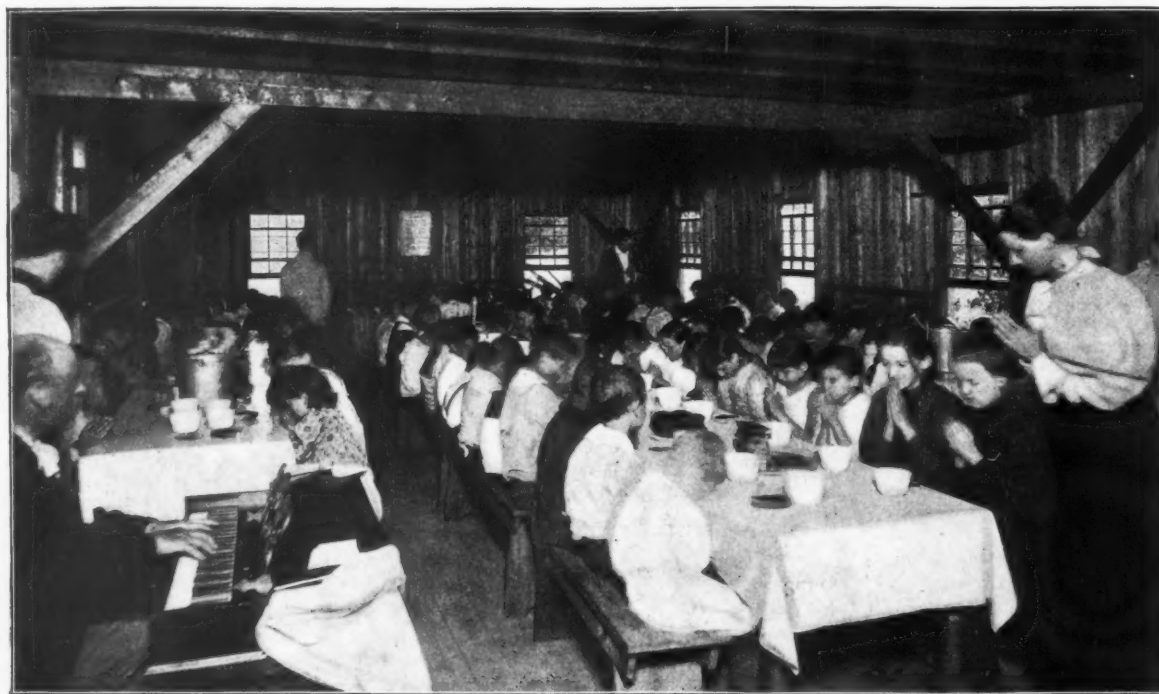
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AT LIFE'S FARM.—BEFORE EATING.



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IF YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW SOME ONE CLEVER, TALENTED, OR A "LION," YOU MAY MAKE YOUR HOSTESS REALLY GRATEFUL BY TAKING HIM OR HER TO ONE OF HER AFTERNOONS.

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The history of this country abounds in men who have accomplished huge results with crude implements. That is the very essence of romance. Life is full of it, and it ought to creep into our fiction. *Droch.*

Safe.

"MAY I kiss you, Miss Ten-spot?" asked young Mr. Huggins.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" asked the young lady.

"Never!" asseverated the young man.

"Then you may kiss me. I draw the line at men who kiss and tell."

THE invasion of Spain by the "New Journalism" is officially announced with becoming solemnity by Senor Canovas del Castillo, the premier. According to a

cable dispatch, he "has notified the Madrid reporters that he will not give them any news hereafter, on the ground that they publish it in a form calculated to influence the stock exchange." If the Madrid reporters are genuine new journalists, they will never allow themselves to be "queered" by a little thing like that. They will simply make their own news, and "publish it in a form" even more "calculated to influence the stock exchange" than the straight tips from Senor Canovas del Castillo, which they have been apparently twisting.

Ballade of Wares Literary.

OYEZ! Oyez! Oyez!

Draw near, ye scribbling crew!

Ye poets in distress,

Whose verses are taboo!

Ye maids who shriek and shrew!

Ye youths who fleer and flop!

Come, give your orders to

The Literary Shop!

Now here's a Cheap Success,

A bargain—*entre nous*—

Detailing the duress

Of girls who Don't and Do;

And here's a Lucky Coup—

A dialectic slop!

(We mix the *Kail-yard brew*—
The Literary Shop.)

Here's Gossip—Bookishness—

The How! The Why! The Who!

(You buy a pound or less,
And stick it on with glue)

Log-rolling done for you!

Your name made while you stop!

Pray step inside and view

The Literary Shop.

ENVOI.

Scribes! without more ado
Your futile fancies drop,
And reach Parnassus through
The Literary Shop.

Hilda Johnson.

BE sure you're right and then go ahead—and see if you are.

Acquainted.

CATTERSON: I see that six hundred Irish servants recently landed in this country.

HATTERSON: Yes. I've met most of them.



What Our Authors Are Doing.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE has accepted a position at the Rahway Color Factory, where he will spend the summer mixing new hues for his novel on the Græco-Turkish war, which, we understand, is to be published in the autumn under the title of "The Lavender Badge of Cowardice."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is spending a month at the Spencerian College of Chirography, learning to write with his left hand. It is expected that, with both hands in use at the same time, Mr. Crawford will be able to finish the seventeen novels which he has promised to have ready for his publishers by October 15th.

Ian Maclaren will put in the next two years at Oxford University studying the English language, which, we are informed, his constant use of Scotch has quite driven out of his head.

The vivid, forceful writers in the employ of the Sunday edition of the New York *Whitold*, the public will be glad to hear, have received orders from the Board of Health to go to the Jersey Coast every Saturday, after their paper has gone to press, for the purpose of taking a bath.

Mr. Henry James has left the whirl of London and gone to the mines of Siberia, where he will spend the next six months polishing a sentence he has been at work upon since Christmas. The first draft of the sentence was completed last Thursday.

George Meredith announces that in his next novel he will yield to popular clamor and adopt a new plan of writing. Every tenth paragraph will be intelligible, and the last chapter, read

backwards, will convey an idea to the reader's mind.

Mr. Bob Cook of Yale, we hear, is writing a rowing romance to be known as "The Stroke that Struck," in which a beautiful young girl, who is the sister of a Cornell oarsman, refuses to marry a Yale rower until her brother's crew has beaten a Yale crew at Poughkeepsie. The story ends happily, and suggests a possible reason why Cornell ultimately became a factor in the college aquatic world.

Mr. Hall Caine is coming to Harvard next year to take a special course in Gloom, under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

The publishers of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's memoirs, entitled "The Confessions of an Ambassador," state that the publication of that work is unexpectedly delayed. The work will not, in all probability, be published for four years to come, anyhow.

The supply of Posthumous Papers by the late Robert Louis Stevenson having given out, Mr. Squiller Scrouch, better known as "J," assisted by Mr. Sidney Colvin, will prepare another barrelful, which may shortly be expected to appear. In order that the public shall not be deceived, these will probably be published under the happy title of "The Nit Papers, a Series of Posthumous Letters and Essays, which might have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson had he lived."

The editor of "Bunzey's Dime Monthly" will inaugurate the fall season by reducing the price of his magazine to nothing, offering as an extra inducement a complete edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica to each purchaser of a single copy.

Different Now.

"**H**E has consulted every prominent doctor in the country, and now they say his case is hopeless."

"Why, I thought he expected to be cured."

"But that was before his money ran out."

All the Same.

CORRESPONDENT: It has been said that you are superstitious about Friday, General.

GENERAL WEYLER: Nonsense! I would just as soon fight on Friday as any other day.

THE COIFFURES OF SCHNITZEL, THE
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BELONGED TO



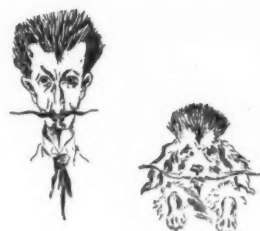
MISS SWITCH, THE SPINSTER,



TO HERR BIMS,



TO A HEAD WAITER.



TO THE FRENCH COUNT,



AND TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN.





"HOW IS YOUR BROTHER GETTING ALONG?"
 "NOT VERY WELL AS YET. HE IS PLAYING 'HAMLET' NOW, BUT WE HOPE TO GET HIM A VARIETY PART NEXT SEASON."

The Suppression of Osculation.

THE regular meeting of the Advanced Mothers' Hygienic Club was in full progress.

The subject for discussion, as announced by the speaker, a bespectacled, lean-visaged female from Boston, was "The Dangerous Transference of Germs by the Process of Osculation."

"It is a sin!" she declared emphatically, suddenly bursting forth from her preamble with a force of well-rounded Emersonian elocution, that caused her listeners to fix on the speaker a startled and fascinated gaze.

Then, having the full attention of her hearers, she continued: "It is a positive, an awful and appalling sin, to force upon our little ones, who in their ignorant helplessness know not of the dangers they are incurring, the kiss which the careless, heedless, wicked mother in her selfishness forces upon them. It is kiss, kiss, kiss—fondle, bend over,

breathe into the face of the child, inflict upon it those caresses which a grown person would refuse and resent.

"Not content with kissing her own child and exposing it to her germ-laden breath, and that of all the adoring relatives to whom baby is held up to be kissed, and who are accounted cold and unfeeling if they refuse, she must inflict upon other children—your children, my children" (her voice sinking to a deep, pathetic tone)—"this disease-carrying kiss.

"She will meet you in the street, and with rapturous exclamations kiss your child again and again, dealing it, perhaps, its death blow."

Her eagle eye swept the audience, and guilty mothers quailed beneath her awful glance.

There was the soft applause of gloved hands as she made her final period and stepped from the platform.

The members clustered around her,

and there was a confusion of earnest, excited voices.

It was a great day for the Advanced Mothers' Hygienic Club.

"Yes, I am exceedingly fond of children," she said, as they passed out of the crèche they had been visiting.

"This is really a great institution. See—I have taken notes. I shall lecture on certain phases of its management when I return to Boston. It really is excellent."

She wiped her glasses thoughtfully. "Bless the tots!" she cried, a smile illuminating her face. "I could fairly eat them, every one."

There was a troubled look in the eyes of her hostess as they passed up the avenue.

The lecturer on the "Dangerous Transference of Germs by the Process of Osculation" had kissed each one of the thirty-seven babies in the crèche.

Harriet Caryl Cox.



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Of girls who Don't and Do;

And here's a Lucky Coup—

A dialectic slop!

(We mix the *Kail-yard brew*—
The Literary Shop.)

Here's Gossip—Bookishness—

The How! The Why! The Who!

(You buy a pound or less,

And stick it on with glue)

Log-rolling done for you!

Your name made while you stop!

Pray step inside and view

The Literary Shop.

ENVOI.

Scribes! without more ado

Your futile fancies drop,

And reach Parnassus through

The Literary Shop.

Hilda Johnson.

BE sure you're right and then go ahead—and see if you are.

Acquainted.

CATTERSON: I see that six hundred Irish servants recently landed in this country.

HATTERSON: Yes. I've met most of them.



What Our Authors Are Doing.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE has accepted a position at the Rahway Color Factory, where he will spend the summer mixing new hues for his novel on the Græco-Turkish war, which, we understand, is to be published in the autumn under the title of "The Lavender Badge of Cowardice."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is spending a month at the Spencerian College of Chirography, learning to write with his left hand. It is expected that, with both hands in use at the same time, Mr. Crawford will be able to finish the seventeen novels which he has promised to have ready for his publishers by October 15th.

Ian Maclaren will put in the next two years at Oxford University studying the English language, which, we are informed, his constant use of Scotch has quite driven out of his head.

The vivid, forceful writers in the employ of the Sunday edition of the New York *Whitold*, the public will be glad to hear, have received orders from the Board of Health to go to the Jersey Coast every Saturday, after their paper has gone to press, for the purpose of taking a bath.

Mr. Henry James has left the whirl of London and gone to the mines of Siberia, where he will spend the next six months polishing a sentence he has been at work upon since Christmas. The first draft of the sentence was completed last Thursday.

George Meredith announces that in his next novel he will yield to popular clamor and adopt a new plan of writing. Every tenth paragraph will be intelligible, and the last chapter, read

backwards, will convey an idea to the reader's mind.

Mr. Bob Cook of Yale, we hear, is writing a rowing romance to be known as "The Stroke that Struck," in which a beautiful young girl, who is the sister of a Cornell oarsman, refuses to marry a Yale rower until her brother's crew has beaten a Yale crew at Poughkeepsie. The story ends happily, and suggests a possible reason why Cornell ultimately became a factor in the college aquatic world.

Mr. Hall Caine is coming to Harvard next year to take a special course in Gloom, under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

The publishers of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's memoirs, entitled "The Confessions of an Ambassador," state that the publication of that work is unexpectedly delayed. The work will not, in all probability, be published for four years to come, anyhow.

The supply of Posthumous Papers by the late Robert Louis Stevenson having given out, Mr. Squiller Scrouch, better known as "J," assisted by Mr. Sidney Colvin, will prepare another barrelful, which may shortly be expected to appear. In order that the public shall not be deceived, these will probably be published under the happy title of "The Nit Papers, a Series of Posthumous Letters and Essays, which might have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson had he lived."

The editor of "Bunzey's Dime Monthly" will inaugurate the fall season by reducing the price of his magazine to nothing, offering as an extra inducement a complete edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica to each purchaser of a single copy.

Different Now.

"**H**E has consulted every prominent doctor in the country, and now they say his case is hopeless."

"Why, I thought he expected to be cured."

"But that was before his money ran out."

All the Same.

CORRESPONDENT: It has been said that you are superstitious about Friday, General.

GENERAL WEYLER: Nonsense! I would just as soon fight on Friday as any other day.

THE COIFFURES OF SCHNITZEL, THE GERMAN POODLE, WHEN HE BELONGED TO



MISS SWITCH, THE SPINSTER,



TO HERR BIMS,



TO A HEAD WAITER.



TO THE FRENCH COUNT,



AND TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN.





"HOW IS YOUR BROTHER GETTING ALONG?"
 "NOT VERY WELL AS YET. HE IS PLAYING 'HAMLET' NOW, BUT WE HOPE TO GET HIM A VARIETY PART NEXT SEASON."

The Suppression of Osculation.

THE regular meeting of the Advanced Mothers' Hygienic Club was in full progress.

The subject for discussion, as announced by the speaker, a bespectacled, lean-visaged female from Boston, was "The Dangerous Transference of Germs by the Process of Osculation."

"It is a sin!" she declared emphatically, suddenly bursting forth from her preamble with a force of well-rounded Emersonian elocution, that caused her listeners to fix on the speaker a startled and fascinated gaze.

Then, having the full attention of her hearers, she continued: "It is a positive, an awful and appalling sin, to force upon our little ones, who in their ignorant helplessness know not of the dangers they are incurring, the kiss which the careless, heedless, wicked mother in her selfishness forces upon them. It is kiss, kiss, kiss—fondle, bend over,

breathe into the face of the child, inflict upon it those caresses which a grown person would refuse and resent.

"Not content with kissing her own child and exposing it to her germ-laden breath, and that of all the adoring relatives to whom baby is held up to be kissed, and who are accounted cold and unfeeling if they refuse, she must inflict upon other children—your children, my children" (her voice sinking to a deep, pathetic tone)—"this disease-carrying kiss.

"She will meet you in the street, and with rapturous exclamations kiss your child again and again, dealing it, perhaps, its death blow."

Her eagle eye swept the audience, and guilty mothers quailed beneath her awful glance.

There was the soft applause of gloved hands as she made her final period and stepped from the platform.

The members clustered around her,

and there was a confusion of earnest, excited voices.

It was a great day for the Advanced Mothers' Hygienic Club.

"Yes, I am exceedingly fond of children," she said, as they passed out of the crèche they had been visiting.

"This is really a great institution. See—I have taken notes. I shall lecture on certain phases of its management when I return to Boston. It really is excellent."

She wiped her glasses thoughtfully. "Bless the tots!" she cried, a smile illuminating her face. "I could fairly eat them, every one."

There was a troubled look in the eyes of her hostess as they passed up the avenue.

The lecturer on the "Dangerous Transference of Germs by the Process of Osculation" had kissed each one of the thirty-seven babies in the crèche.

Harriet Caryl Cox.



ONE OF THE EMBA
HAVING YOUR HOST'S VLET



THE EMBARRASMENTS.
OST'S VALET UNPACK YOUR VALISE.

Life's Personally Conducted Tours.

LENOX.



LENOX is the apex of the American social pyramid; the roof-garden of society; the Garden of Eden of the *haut ton*, where Eve may hold sweet converse with the devil, while Adam, as becomes an American gentleman, husbands the vegetable crop and gazes contemplatively over the fence at a vulgar outside world.

Lenox is a secluded piece of territory within the confines of Massachusetts, which can be found on the map with the aid of a microscope and a railroad time-table. It was discovered by a gloomy aristocrat who had fled into the wilderness from Tuxedo when that bucolic retreat had grown too swift for

comfort, too vociferous for opera-box patrons, and too frank for a coterie which esteemed the *Moulin Rouge* languid and productive of ennui. Lenox was idyllic; its scenic attractions were good; its aspect was charmingly English; it was distant from the giddy centres of whirligig. The Columbus of Lenox was weary of the nickel-plated splendor of the season; he sighed for pastures fresh and population green; he saw that with proper accessories, with the necessary costumes, stage effects, properties, lights and supernumeraries, the possibilities for new acts of the social comedy were illimitable in Lenox. Rush and whirl, splurge and squander, were essential to social prestige; but a place for pleasant, quiet social splendor, with old baronial stage effects; a spot free from the tumultuous gauds of trans-Mississippi barons; a recuperating station, in fact, with all the soothing conditions of a jag-cure denuded of its vulgar associations, was a crying want.

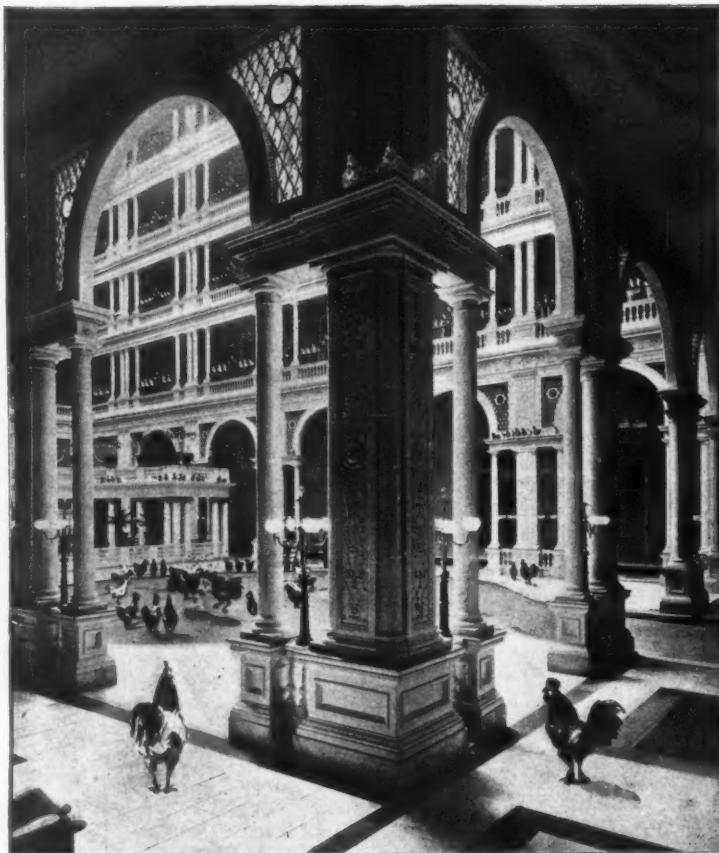
* * *

AS the social possibilities of this simple Arcadian region burst upon him tears welled from his eyes, and the wife of his bosom saw reaching out before her mental vision a series of social triumphs, in which her rivals were outdone even to the edge of humiliation.

Discovery was followed by action. Farms were purchased from the simple Massachusetts aborigines, who retired into the fastnesses of the hills laden with golden plunder; and in time farms were sold by the foot instead of the acre, and the natives went bare-footed, so active was the demand for stockings as banks of deposit. The wild and savage country of ten years before was transformed into a region calculated

to give the supple British tradesman spasms of joy; the beautiful bucolic bliss of rural England was reproduced in America with all its humanizing influences.

Old Elizabethan houses dotted lea and wold; early Georgian mansions adorned the landscape; frowning Norman castles, beautifully out of repair, stared from the hills; and venerable and time-worn aspects were added to all by the best scene painters in the country, who were called in to "age" the edifices. "The Strawberries," "Bilgehurst," "Quartz Hall," "Kerosene Manors" and other good old English names distinguished the residences; and the rude farms, denuded of rail fences and barns, became parks and demesnes. Stone-pillared gates, with armorial bearings, marked the entrance to the estates; and lodge houses perched beside them, where simple English porters did duty, doffing their hats and aitches to the squire. Peasantry and retainers thronged the stubborn glebe to greet the fine old lord of the manor as he returned at eve to his ancestral acres, after skinning lambs in Wall street for the price of them. It soothed and calmed the weary nobleman of Chicago to come to this haven of peace; it touched him deeply to hear the voices of his old family retainers, who had grown gray in the long and honorable service of six months with his refined



HEN HOUSE OF H. BONDISON BOND, ESQ., LENOX.



MONUMENT TO THE FOUR HUNDRED AT LENOX.

family; and he loved to reflect, as he figured up his profits, that he could hire all the peasantry he wanted, civility and blue overalls thrown in, for a monthly stipend of twenty dollars and "vittles."

THE farmers whose eye-teeth were cut, the good old sturdy Yankees who knew a dollar without an introduction, still remained; they were tolerated and patronized, for they formed the sturdy yeomanry of Lenox.

English noblemen of the old school sob on each other's shoulders when they first see Lenox.

Lenox injects into bucolic life all the best and most ennobling features of the British rural drama. The horn of the hunter is heard and smelt on the hill; the trained fox leads dogs and red-coated riders afield, skillfully choosing open fields with no jumps; he fraternizes with the dogs at evening, when the hunt is over. He enjoys the exercise, and scorns the anise-bag, his ancient rival. Lady Bountiful, becomingly garbed, visits

clean, disinfected and thoroughly-safe peasantry, employed by the parish for the season as paupers; they accept alms with gratitude, and are not averse to small bottles and tips. The tone of Lenox is quiet, rural and English, and an occasional exiled Briton, in the States for his health and board, lends realism to the thing.

The weddings at Lenox lack the noise and fuss of Grace Church; they are dignified and less expensive, and are not featured, with pictures of presents, in the newspapers. Wedding breakfasts and dancing on the lawn follow the church service, with deputations of retainers, and tears by the ancient family butler. One daring Chicago nobleman—they are scarce at Lenox—has added a mediæval flavor to things by ringing in a peasant foster-mother.

* * *

VERY good ruins are now being erected on estates, and skeletons are being *cashed* to dig up next season. An enterprising medium is around who offers good family apparitions at moderate figures, guaranteed not to make allusions to Pittsburg or Omaha; and this feature of old English family life will probably be in good running order next summer.

The heir of a coal baron will reach his majority next spring, and it is hoped that a "coming of age" festival will be held on his ancestral estate. It is understood that the baron has an agent attending the ceremonies now going on in England at the Earl of Bankroped's castle; he is authorized to make notes and purchase all the paraphernalia needed to give the Lenox festival a good send-off.

The pastoral simplicity of Lenox, its natural beauty, its wealth, its purple blood, its halls and manors, its peasantry and retainers, add a much needed feature to the life of our kaleidoscopic aristocracy. Lenox only needs titles to give the final touch to its glory.

There seems to be no good reason why a free, proud people like ours should go to Europe and pay good money for shabby, time-stained titles, when a syndicate of our own exclusive people can start a little



AN AUTOCRAT.

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR IS ALL-POWERFUL IN HIS OWN DOMINIONS."

"HE MUST BE, TO EXHIBIT HIS PICTURES WITHOUT PROTEST."



THE LYNCHING GAME OF THE FUTURE.

DURING RECESS THE SOUTHERN SCHOOLBOYS OF THE NEXT GENERATION MAY INDULGE IN THIS SORT OF FUN.

factory here and snap their fingers at the pauper, king-made titles of decrepit monarchies. Syndicate titles would be racy of our soil, and would undoubtedly be acknowledged by the society papers; and certainly the Duke of Anthracite or the Earl of Petroleum would be quite as impressive as Comte de Ordinaire and Viscount Beerbung. The austere nobility of Lenox should attend to this. Boston has an incorporated title company now, and some of our most secret societies issue commissions as colonels and generals, with uniforms to members, that are taken as seriously as those issued by the President.

There is much in Lenox to interest the American tourist and patriot, but the most picturesque things in the landscape are the nobility and gentry, and their domestic fixtures. Lenox lacks good hotels where board at one dollar a day can be secured; and it needs guides who can differentiate the nobility from

the grooms, and secure admission for visitors at back doors. As it is, the excursionist is not treated with warmth, the aristocracy haughtily refusing the right hand of fellowship to inquiring American tourists clad in yellow dusters.

Joseph Smith.

Too Much Work for One.

BINGO: I want to exchange this tandem for two wheels.

AGENT: What's the matter?

"I find that I am not strong enough to ride it."

Keep Off!

THE Critic vociferates against putting any more public buildings in any of the New York parks. It would be glad if the Metropolitan Museum were out of Central Park; it believes the new library will be out

of place in Bryant Park; it protests against giving up Bronx Park to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. It is late with its protests, and LIFE is not sure that its contentions are all well-founded, but the general spirit of them is right. The reservoir site is a fine place for a library, but it is also a first-rate place for an extension of Bryant Park. Heaven send that we may not some time come to look upon the library building that is to come with the sort of regret with which we contemplate the lamentable usurpation of the south end of the City Hall Park by the Post Office!

As for the Botanical Garden in Bronx Park, considering the quality of the men who are interested in it, it is surprising that they should seem so indifferent to the advice of experts as to the location of their buildings.

His Excuse.

"I SHOULD think you would be ashamed to buy a copy of *The World*."
"I am; but I write for it, you know."



IF there is among those who are careless of their neighbors' rights in the elevated cars one man more disturbing than another it is the man who, crossing his legs, throws one foot over in front of his neighbor. There are men who sit in such a manner as to encroach upon their neighbors' seat space; the man who sits and reads a paper opened out so that he holds one

page over in front of his neighbor is not unknown, and there are others who in one way and another are careless or thoughtless of their neighbors' rights; but the most disturbing of all, no doubt, is the man who hems in his neighbor with his foot, calmly appropriating to himself space that belongs to another, and without the slightest regard for the other's rights or comfort.

Even a person not of great natural ferocity might find in his heart a desire to tackle him.



ON THE TRAIL.

Bobbie: HONEST, NOW, GRANDPA; WAS PAPA SO VERY GOOD WHEN HE WAS A BOY?



AFTER THE JUBILEE.
AN INEXPENSIVE OUTING.

A Mild Hint.

"GEORGE, I have not any new songs to sing to you to-night."

"Give me something old, then."

She broke into a refrain that was "a song of the day" some seventeen years before.

"That's very, very old, Mamie," he said, with a sigh.

"Yes, George; I sang that to you the night we became engaged."



HARVARD had a splendid coach,
Eli had one too;
All that old Cornell put up
Was just a winning crew!

—Cleveland Leader.

MR. MEEKTON had been out several minutes later than usual the night before, and there was a decided chilliness at the breakfast table. The silence was suddenly broken by his wife's remark:

"Look at those senators and representatives. See how they have lingered and talked over the tariff!"

"Now, Henrietta, you surely can't think of holding me responsible for that."

"Not personally, but it shows a trait that is common to your kind. It shows how a man will grasp at anything as an excuse for not going home when he ought to."—Washington Star.

You, perhaps, have traveled on so crooked a road that the rear car has been met by the engine, but probably no one else in Maine has had such another experience as a Rangely guide lately enjoyed. The guide, while working on a log drive, fell into the water. He struggled at the bottom for a while, and finally got up, and, grasping a big log, held on for life. The current was so swift that it carried his body under the log, and his feet stuck out of the water on the other side. Just as a comrade was about to grasp him by the shoulders, he gasped, looked at his own feet pityingly, and said to his rescuer: "Don't mind me; save that fellow that's in head first."—Phillips (Me.) Phonograph.

OLD PETER BROWNING has practically dropped out of baseball, but he will always be remembered as one of the queerest old chaps who ever played the game. He was a wonderful batter in his day, but had a weakness for foaming beakers, which finally brought him down.

Upon one occasion, after Pete had won the championship of the American Association, the cranks of Louisville, in order to show their appreciation of the "Gladiator's" work, made up a purse and purchased a fine gold watch. A citizen was delegated to present the timepiece to Browning, and when Pete came to the bat in the first inning of a certain game, the citizen stepped forward, and, raising his cap, said:

"Mr. Browning, the people of Louisville, in recognition of your great batting this year, wish me to present you with this watch, which will always remind you of their friendship."

Pete took the watch out of its case, turned it over in his wrinkled hand, and then, turning to the donor, he said:

"Where is the chain?"—N. Y. Sun.

SHE: How would you punctuate the following:
"Bank of England notes of various values were blown along the street by the wind?"

HE: I think I would make a dash after the notes.
—Household Words.

"POOR ROBINSON! There goes his funeral."

"What, is Robinson dead?"

"I imagine he is. Perhaps he is just riding around town in that hearse for the fun of the thing, however."
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"DEAR," said the Senator's wife, "the papers are accusing you of letting the stock market influence your vote." "It's a lie," roared the statesman, as he pounded the table with his fist. "All I have done is that direction was to allow my vote to influence the dealings in the stock market."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You wish to be relieved from jury duty, but you haven't a good reason," said the judge.

"It's public spirit," said the unwilling talesman, "on the score of economy. I have dyspepsia, judge, and I never agree with anybody. If I go on this jury there will be a disagreement, and the county will have to go to the expense of a new trial."

"Excused," said the judge.—Green Bag.

BEGGAR: Can you help a poor man to—
PEDESTRIAN: I think you have touched me before.

"Possibly, sir; possibly. You see I'm a stranded photographer, and the old habit of retouching clings to me."—Philadelphia Record.

SHE: Why is it, I wonder, that little men often marry large women?

HE: I don't know, unless it is that the little fellows are afraid to back out of engagements.
—Cleveland Leader.

HE: When women get to voting, if they ever should, they will be found wearing the party yokes as meekly as the men.

SHE: They won't if yokes are not in style.
—Cincinnati Tribune.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

Wash bright colored articles, such as silk neckties, in a luke warm suds of Ivory Soap; rinse in warm water, squeeze gently, and dry without exposing to the sun; press with a warm iron.

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QUEEN OF VIOLET PERFUMES. "—PARIS—"
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MOST EXQUISITE AND REFINED.
THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.
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Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

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MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

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PEPSIN GUM

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All Others are Imitations.



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To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson), August 17. Rate, \$100 for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2. Rate, \$235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; \$230 from Pittsburgh.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond and Washington, September 28 and October 12. Rate, \$65 from New York; \$63 from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.

Au Clair de la Lune.

There's a feeling half-Platonic born of longings embryonic

And with scintillating passion subtly starred;
It's a kind of stopping station 'twixt esteem and adoration,
And the name of it is "brotherly regard."

It is absent with your sister, and (no matter how you've kissed her)

With the girl to whom you specially belong;
But whenever it is present, it's superlatively pleasant,
And it possibly is demi-semi-wrong.

Now in certain circumstances—moonlight, supper, sundry dances—

The cosmic forces gain an added power;
But she mocks your voice unsteady when you hint that you are ready

To forget the bars of friendship for an hour.

She won't raise a blush to please you, she will torture you and tease you

Till you wish that you were anywhere but there;
Then—O wonder past all guessing!—you will feel her fingers pressing,
And the merest maddening tickle of her hair.

Soon (it's puzzling that you started so indifferently-hearted)

You grow insanelly anxious and intense;
Your veins begin to quiver, and you swear you won't forgive her
If she calls you back again to common sense.

But at last the blush comes trembling, and she stops (or starts) dissembling—

You have given up pretending long before—
The little Cupid devils troop to mingle in your revels,
And she says she'll never face you any more.

—Sydney Bulletin.

A BANGOR drummer recently saw a woman enter the train at North Bucksport and rush through the car just as it was getting speedy. He coolly walked after her, and, just before the fatal leap, grasped her firmly to his manly bosom. She struggled, but he only tightened his grip saying: "Madame, you sha'n't jump off the car and kill yourself!" When she got her breath she shrieked: "You big fool, I was only going out on the platform to wave my handkerchief to my friends." A party of Bangor yachtsmen aboard the train applauded the drummer for his heroism fully half an hour and at intervals thereafter.—Springfield Republican.

THE way of the transgressor: in five acts—1. Jones poisons his wife's cat. 2. He professes deep sorrow at its disappearance. 3. He offers a ten-pound reward for its recovery. 4. Numerous animals are brought for inspection. 5. Mrs. Jones identifies one.—Pick-Me-Up.

BACON: Have you seen Sprocket lately?

EGBERT: No.

"He's a sight. Face all cut, arm in a sling, and walks lame."

"How did he do it, on his bicycle?"

"No; if he could have stayed on his bicycle he'd been all right."—Yonkers Statesman.

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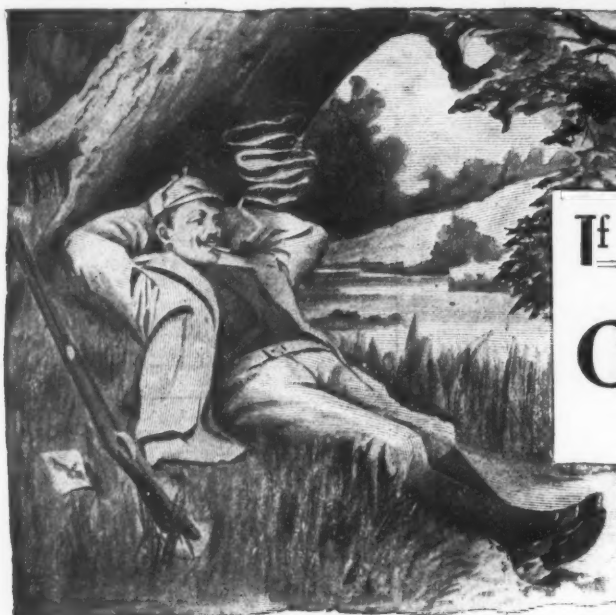
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THERE was a young girl named Lavigne,
Who was classified mostly as grigne;
Yet, when this young miss
Was asked for a kiss,
She sighed, "Do you think we'd besigne?"
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"BERGER must have traveled a great deal."
"Yes, he doesn't seem to know much about any one place."—*Chicago Journal.*

"UNCLE BEN," said Miss B., "from what portion of the Bible did you derive so much comfort?"

Laying his index finger in the palm of his hand, the old fellow proceeded as follows:

"Well, de Bible says, 'Dem dat de Lord loveth he chases!' An' from de way He is bin chasin' o' me dis year, I know I muz' be one 'er His favorites."

—*Augusta Chronicle.*

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